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Photo by Jim Caputo

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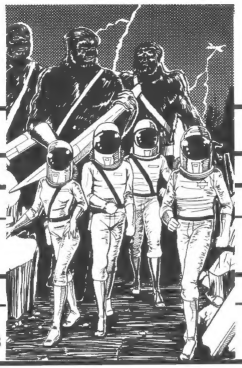

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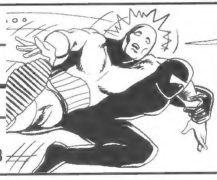

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FANGRAPHIX IS HERE!

Are you one of the thousands of fans who are talented in writing and/or drawing in the realm of science-fiction fantasy and are unable to get anyone to even see your work for publication? FanGraphiX is a fanzine that will look at and publish your work! If you are a competent writer, we're interested in your article or short story or if you are an artist who has exceptionally special work that you'd like to see in print, spot illustration, strips, or paintings—FanGraphiX is always curious to see them because FanGraphiX is a *fan*-zine. We exist because of those thousands of fans who *need* exposure, need an *extra* sample of published work in a professional looking magazine, and those fans who *want* exposure because they would like to see how their work progresses.

FanGraphiX will *never* be anything less than a magazine of competent fan writers and artists. We will be using professional work occasionally, art for covers, interesting stories and articles, but FanGraphiX will always be the fanzine for the fans!

What will contributors receive? All contributors receive a *FREE* life time subscription to FanGraphiX, and each copy they receive will have *laminated* covers! A collector's item with built-in protection against all possible catastrophes!

As FanGraphiX grows, with posters and t-shirts, our contributors will receive all these special incentives!

So, what are you waiting for? Send us those strips and stories with a self-addressed stamped envelope if you'd like your originals returned: EXPOSE YOURSELF!

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Glenwood Distribution
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62234 (618) 345-1027

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Full Page (7"x10")	**$ 95**
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Half-Page (5"x7" or 3½"x10")	**$ 62**
Quarter Page (10"x2½" or 5"x3½")	**$ 45**
Centerspread (10"x16")	**$250**
Inside Front Cover (7"x10")	**$115**

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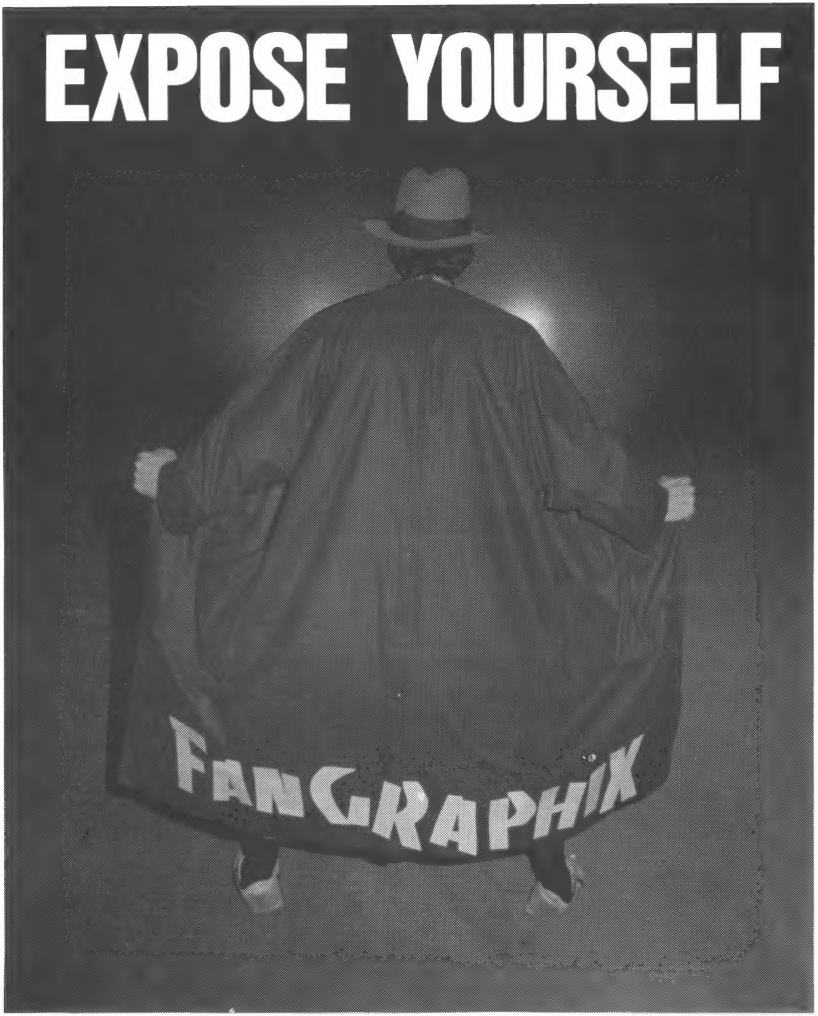

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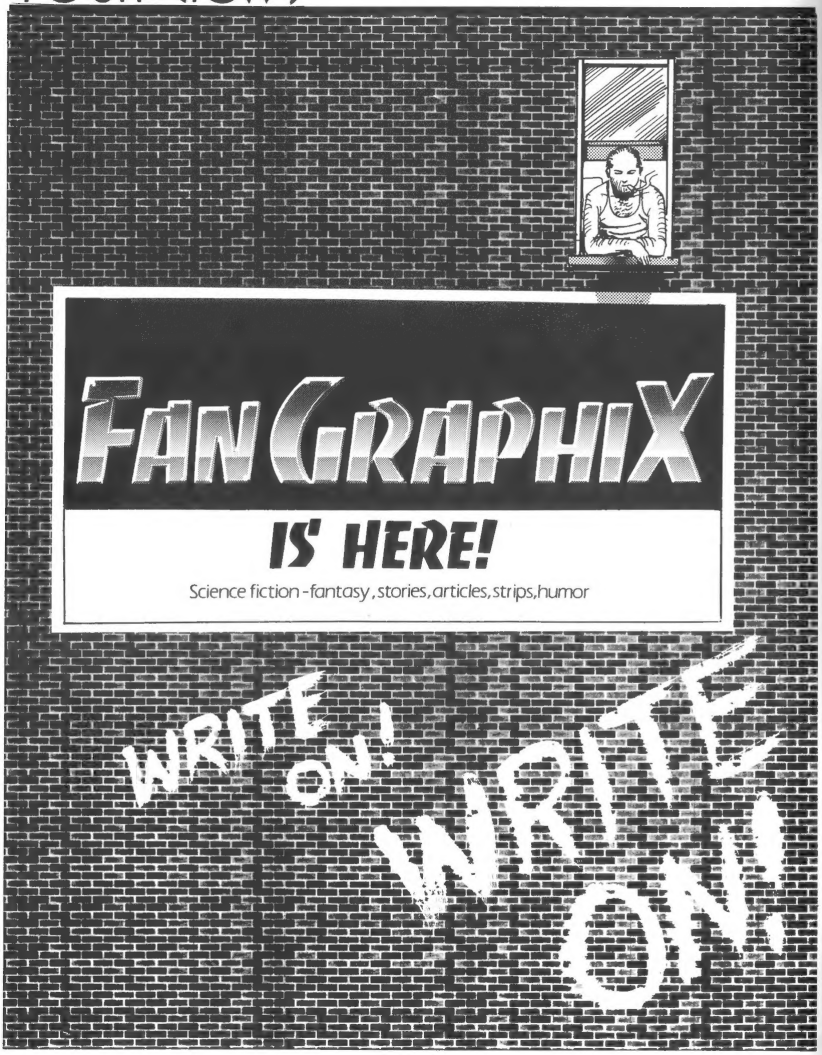
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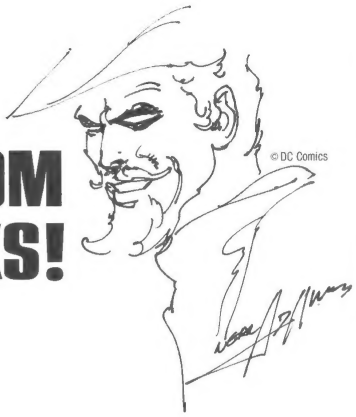

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Dear FanGraphix:
"...I must say that your story, "It's Them!" surprised me at first, but after reading it again, I thought it was great, somebody showed me that the small "photo" over Unknown Author was someone in a suit with a bag over his head, that's funny, but who is he?"
Humored
CA

We are glad to see that the story, "It's Them!" was enjoyed by numerous amount of people, but if I told you who The Unknown Author was, he wouldn't be unknown, right?!

Dear FanGraphix:
"...I love the black-white format of your magazine, I noticed it in the store almost immediately, it stuck out like a sore thumb because of all the color surrounding it..."
Tom
Chgo

Thanks for writing Tom, I'm glad the B&W cover was enjoyed by primarily color-oriented fans—but color is also taking over FanGraphix! We may use black & white covers in the future again, but only if the entire content becomes color, interesting switch, eh?

Dear FanGraphix:
"...I can see a lot of potential in your magazine, but I want to know why there's so much of Tony Caputo's work in the first issue. If it's a fanzine for the fans, shouldn't there be more of other fans work also?"
Mr. G
Waco, TX

We, at FanGraphix, appreciate your taking the time to write. The reason there is so much of Tony Caputo's work, is that everyone we got in contact with turned into procrastinators, they said they had something that would work very well, then they lost contact. Those spaces had to be filled in order to meet the deadline. The more contributions we get from fans, the less you'll see of Tony Caputo. Expose Yourself, send your articles and illustrations today.

Dear Fangraphix:
"...great! No ads!"
Steve
Whiting, Ind.

Yay... Somebody noticed!

Dear FanGraphiX,
"...One thing that bothered me about the premiere issue, however, was the use of some *very* dated material...which weighs down the zine. With so many interesting popular trends in comics, film and music, who wants to read about Rocky Horror?"
T.H.M.
Oak Lawn

We greatly appreciate you taking the time to write with your very well considered opinions, but we at FanGraphiX all agreed that the Rocky Horror article is something we would like to see in our fanzine, hopefully to attract more such articles by other fans.

About the cover...
A color portrait of Wolverine ©1985, a character of Marvel Comics. Special thanks to Wolverine for posing.

Spiderwoman: A Case of Prejudice.

by Tom Opferman

© Marvel Comics

"Spider-Woman? My God, what next? Spider-boy and Spider-Dog?"

This statement is typical of many fans who had heard of a new book coming out called SPIDER-WOMAN. This statement and others like it can be credited to one thing.

Prejudice.

Sure, SPIDER-WOMAN could've been expected as another effort to capitalize on Spider-Man's popularity. If Marvel can come out with more than one monthly Spider-Man book (PETER PARKER SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN), why can't they come out with still another one, just changing the gender?

Fandom held with that theory, even after the book came out. It would seem that nobody has read SPIDER-WOMAN, but instead just paged through the book looking for similarities.

Other than the name, it seems hard to make any comparisons between SPIDER-WOMAN and SPIDER-MAN.

The moods of the two books are totally different. The mood in SPIDER-MAN is very light, easy-going, and very often it's comical. SPIDER-WOMAN is totally serious, mysterious and very thoughtful.

The character of Spider-Man is wise-cracking, caring and, supposedly, a loner (even though he teams up with a different super-hero every month). Spider-Woman, on the other hand, is introverted, serious, and thoughtful. She is not caring because she does

not know how. She typifies the loner moreso than Spider-Man because

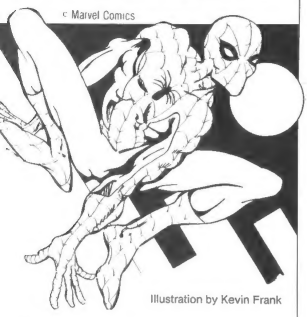


Illustration by Kevin Frank

she is rejected by humans, doesn't feel comfortable with them and she has to deal with that.

This seems to describe a sad state in fandom: a book is doomed before it even comes out and can develop into something beautiful.

And SPIDER-WOMAN is something beautiful.

The fact that Spider-Woman is indeed a woman is not stressed as the important point of the book. We don't look at her as a woman who is a super-hero, but as a super-hero who is a woman. Her costume is not sexist; in fact, the lower front of her face is the only exposed flesh.

What a difference there is between Spider-Woman and Ms. Marvel. Though the situation has been rectified somewhat, Ms. Marvel's costume has plenty of flesh showing. It seems to be an ironic contrast to the message that continually hit us over the head in MS. MARVEL: "I am strong. I am WOMAN. Woman's lib forever!"

There is nothing really wrong with this message, it's just that the person of Carol Danvers is so unrealistic in that all her problems are caused by others. She has no HUMAN weaknesses, and that has always seemed to be a basis for Marvel's comics: make the characters human.

Spider-Woman is strong and independent but she is still human enough to feel despondent due to other people's rejection of her. Spider-Woman is everything Ms. Marvel was supposed to be, but isn't. Ms. M was supposed to be a woman young girls could admire and emulate, just as young boys admire Spider-Man. If young girls tried to be like Ms. Marvel, what a let-down it would be to find out it's not all that easy for a woman to just jump into a meaningful, well-paying career. It's more realistic for a young girl to learn how to accept being turned down for a job, just as Jessica Drew (Spider-Woman) was.

The stories themselves prove to be very interesting, introducing us to new mysteries while we're still trying to figure out the old ones.

As with the X-MEN, the characters are what make SPIDER-WOMAN so fascinating.

Many of the situations and feelings that Jessica Drew has, we've also experienced. We can relate to Jessica and we care what happens to her.

SPIDER-WOMAN is one of the best comics out today and probably is the most realistic in dealing with women in comics.

Of course, the title of the book could've been some-thing like ARACHNE rather than SPIDER-WOMAN; the latter was obviously chosen because it would help the book's sales figures. But, quality and thoughtful books have a knack of being canceled, and anything that will keep SPIDER-WOMAN on the stands is welcome.

I just wish people would start reading it.

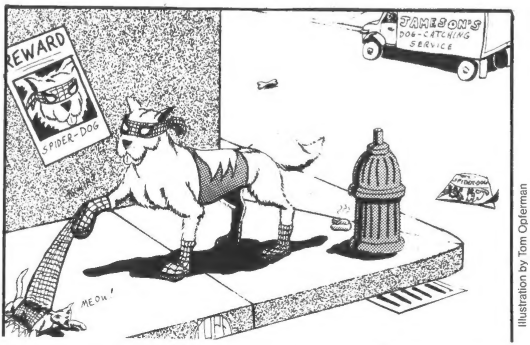
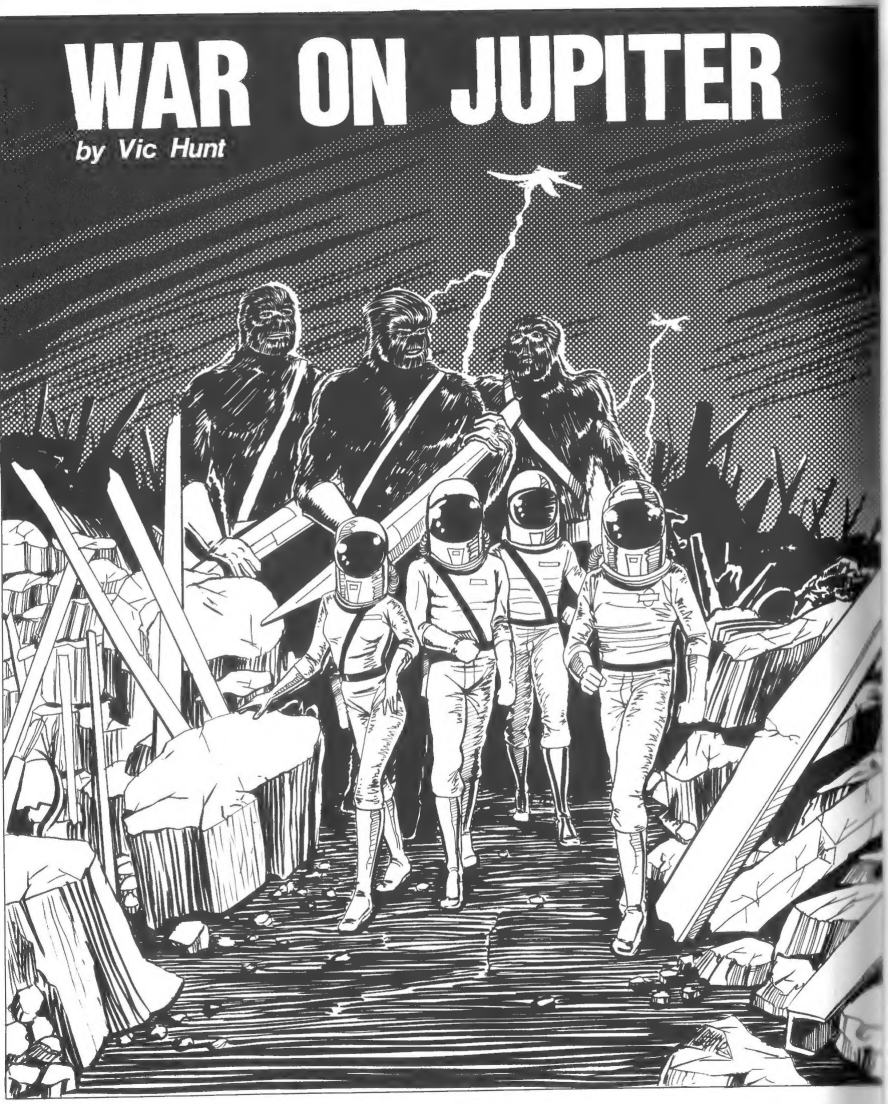


Illustration by Tom Opferman

WAR ON JUPITER

by Vic Hunt



The buzzing of the alarm was echoing in the conscious part of my mind. I tried to shake my head thinking it would eliminate the annoyance, but there was a sudden stinging pain in my neck. This had shocked me back to awareness.

I then realized that I wasn't lying comfortably in my Chicago apartment, nor in my training cabin at NASA base in Houston, but instead in one of the four balloon-like seats which occupied the control room of the ship.

"We landed…," was all I thought as I got a whiff of a sulfur-like stench. Something was burning.

I slowly opened my eyes, blinking a few times to focus and realized that the front control panels were on fire.

My eyes widened in fear.

Crash landed on Jupiter. No oxygen. No atmosphere. No rescue and certain death.

These were the thoughts going thru my mind as I frantically unstrapped myself from the seat and stumbled towards the panels a few feet away.

Choking from the fumes, I shattered the plasti-glass door of the fire extinguisher case, grabbed it, and continued to shoot the foam onto the control panels. Then I watched as the foam evaporated with the fire.

Ignoring my bleeding hand, I dropped the extinguisher into one of the three revolving command seats and took a deep breath.

"Computer?" I asked aloud.

"Yes sir," a unisex mechanical voice answered.

"Damage report," I ordered, glad to hear that it was still functional.

"Priority…life support systems, then yourself…"

"Damage report follows…" There was a pause.

I stood with my palm down on the control panels nervously watching the blinking red light of the alarm.

"…And turn that damn buzzer off!"

The audio alarm system was then immediately shut off.

"…Damage report follows…extensive damage to force field, and exterior sensory devices…"

"What of the life support—?" I interrupted impatiently.

"…Oh…" the voice said, sounding almost female.

"Oh." I repeated annoyingly, then thought, "self centered bastard."

It was NASA's idea to give a lump of metal a personality to keep us company on the long trip.

"Life support systems are on emergency back-up…"

"Oh shit," I interrupted as I thought what a depressing 48 hours I had to look forward to.

"Please…let me finish," the Computer insisted,"…Now then…the main life support systems are at the moment being repaired and will be operational within the hour."

I sighed in relief. "And the ship?"

"The ship, Chuckie, is in very good shape, the only damage, like I had mentioned, are the exterior sensory devices, an outside antenna, and a small portion of my memory banks."

I smiled. An almost perfect landing. I had expected worse.

"I had told that idiot creator of mine that using plastic rather than titanium in my memory banks is not only degrading but not a good safeguard…"

Computer…?"

"Yes sir, Chuckie?"

"Shut up."

"Yes sir, Chuckie."

It seemed highly unlikely that a gaseous planet such as Jupiter would have any type of surface at all, being categorized as a mini-sun more than planet. But NASA had pictures. Electronic photos taken by the probe after it crashed and before it was hit by lightning.

They never did show us the pictures, that alone made me suspicious.

Laura Mitchele moaned aloud. I looked up to her and witnessed her unstrapping herself from her seat.

She was as slim as ever, and very beautiful even in our dark gray jumpsuit uniforms.

She was our medic.

"How are they?" I asked, as she stooped over the mission's geologist, Professor Thomas Wayne.

Wayne was an older gentlemen with an extreme knowledge of extrageology.

"…fine…", she replied worriedly, as she carefully checked.

Captain Taylor awoke at Laura's checking of his pulse. He then slowly stretched to his feet rubbing the back of his neck.

"Got a report Haller?", he asked almost immediately. "What the hell went wrong…that was a lousy landing!"

I didn't have any idea what could have caused such a rough landing, knocking the crew unconscious, and causing a fire, so I turned to Computer.

"Computer?", I called out as my eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of the button which operated the front solar panels protecting the windshield of the ship.

I had to reconnect some wires in order for us to take a look outside.

"Yes sir?", the computer acknowledged very discreetly as he noticed that the other crew members were awake.

"Any ideas on what went wrong?", I asked as I started to rip off the melted section of the control panel.

"Sure do, what I can make of it we had a very nasty atmospheric entry. I can feel a lot of bruises from lightning on my hull…"

"From lightning?", the Captain shouted confused. "That's impossible, this ship was designed with force field to withstand twice the percentage of Jupiter's storms. We should have had a perfect landing!"

"Maybe the first shot of lightning zapped the shield." I suggested as I began reconnecting some wires.

"No, no, the probe measured everything, it should've been a perfect landing" he repeated.

I turned and looked at Captain Taylor. He was the oldest man in space. The wrinkles on his frowning face showed his age all too well. That, and his full head of silver hair.

I looked back at Laura and Wayne. Laura was a young brunette who ranked highest in her class as an AstroMedic. Thomas Wayne, a short stocky old man with graying temples, ranked almost last on the NASA re-entry test. Captain Taylor had been with NASA for years. And me, a second rate maintenance man who had been offered a second in command position, with no logical explanation. What an odd bunch to shoot off to another planet.

"There." I said aloud as I finished the rewiring. "Now let's see what our new mystery world looks like."

I pressed the intercom button and there was a slight humming of a motor at work, but nothing happened. The solar panels stayed shut.

I looked at my rewiring and discovered I had forgotten the power cable which was still connected to the damaged switch.

Very casually, so as not to embarrass myself, I quickly disconnected it and slipped it into the correct connector.

I looked up and everyone was standing at the console waiting.

"…Er…didn't get a good enough power flow." I said, trying to hide my mistake.

I pressed the button and the panels began to disappear into the hull of the ship. The Captain noticed it was dark outside, so he commanded the computer to turn on the outer floods. Laura gasped.

"Oh my God," Wayne said in disbelief.

I was stunned. Through the windshield I could see pillars sticking out of the ground, half covered with rubble and debris of what looked like, without any doubt, buildings. As far as I could see the entire area was a massive junk pile of what could have been a city. Suddenly there was an explosion.

"Warning…" the computer exclaimed. "The outside airlock has been hit by lightning and has been—"

That was all we heard. What happened next seemed just a slow moving dream.

The interlock door suddenly opened and three huge giants marched in pointing that would make a bazooka look like

continued on next page

a pea-shooter.

They were dressed in blue uniforms with black knee-high boots.

They were completely covered with a mossy like hair so all that showed were their wide eyes.

We started to feel dizzy as the smoke from outside seeped into the opening and closing door.

Laura and Wayne stumbled to the floor unconscious.

I started choking as I began to step slowly away from our uninvited guests.

"Holy shit!" the Captain choked.

I started at the three hulks and realized that they were as surprised to see us as we were to see them.

I stared frozen from the shock. My lungs aching for oxygen as the cabin's air was slowly being sucked out of the smashed outer airlock door into the alien atmosphere. The thought of being poisoned by the unknown air suddenly overpowered my astonishment of the strange giants.

Slowly I turned my head and glimpsed at the exit hatch, which led deeper into the ship.

It had been locked by the computer's automatic life support mechanism to keep the rest of the ship operational.

"Computer…", I choked.

"Yes Chuckie," the unisex voice replied.

I stared at the astonished creatures keeping my hand away from my body so as not to appear threatening in any way.

"Can you c-close the inner airlock door?", I asked, my voice wheezing.

"Working on it Chuckie."

"Work harder," I ordered, taking a step backwards.

"Cap…grab Wayne off the floor and I'll take Laura," I coughed.

He wasn't responding. I turned and noticed him breathing hard, fighting to keep consciousness as he leaned against the exit hatch of the control room. He was holding Wayne under his right arm.

Captain Taylor has been an old bull mentally, but physically he began to show his age.

"Computer?", I whispered.

"Yes Chuckie."

The giants looked about nervously.

"Can you open the hatch out of the control room?"

"No can do Chuckie…All my systems are on repairing airlock door, program indicates that the hatch door stays locked until life support systems are again functioning fully…"

At that moment the airlock door quickly closed and the hum of the air vents began immediately afterwards. We slowly regained our strength. My lungs felt scorched inside my chest, the pain almost impossible to ignore.

The giants growled something to each other as all the lights blinked on.

The shorter one of the three (about eleven feet) shrugged in a strangely human gesture. It stepped away backwards, keeping a suspicious eye on me. The taller ones lowered their "bazookas" as they watched the shorter one walk toward the front control console.

It glared cautiously, scanning the entire control room, until his head bumped into the overhead control panels. It growled in pain. The loud scratchy voice made the hairs on the back of my neck stand upright.

I slowly began to step away. It grasped the back of its head, grinning his huge slab-like teeth in anger.

It pointed at the others' bazookas, screaming something that did not sound very good.

The two taller guards held their guns up and aimed them at me.

I stopped moving.

"Haller," Captain Taylor whispered from behind. "Don't move."

"Are you kidding?", I asked, the muscles in my body tensed making my voice a high-pitched shrill. I stared wide-eyed down the barrel of two huge guns.

The shorter one, still rubbing the back of its head with its huge hand, began to inspect the control panels. It grunted and growled at the meaningless electronic switches and labels, but stopped abruptly in surprise when it reached the Computer Keyboard and terminal.

It dropped its hand from the back of its head and motioned one of the taller guards over, grunting something that could have been its name. One of the giants immediately turned and stepped to the short one's side.

"Ougowow?", it said, acknowledging the commander's call.

The commander pointed at the computer terminal and began conversing with the guard.

After a moment of thought, the guard shrugged.

"Ukgrungdriber?", it asked.

"Ungowow!", the shorter one shouted joyously. It then pointed to me and motioned me over with its huge hand.

I hesitated.

It repeated the gesture, but growled more fierce.

I turned and looked at the Captain.

"Go 'head," he whispered, "Do it or they'll kill us."

The Cap was right. We weren't in any negotiating situation. I slowly walked past the other guard, his gun still aimed at my throat. My hands held high with a nervous grin on my face, I stepped up to the commander.

It looked down at me, examining my face and clothes. It mumbled something to the guards and they growled, as if in agreement. The creature then raised its huge arm and pointed at the computer terminal.

"Ukggrugdriber," it said. It slowly turned to the computer, then back up the creature. I repeated the word as best I could. The creature suddenly shrieked, its head bobbing up and down. The guards copied the motion.

They were obviously laughing at my poor attempt at their language.

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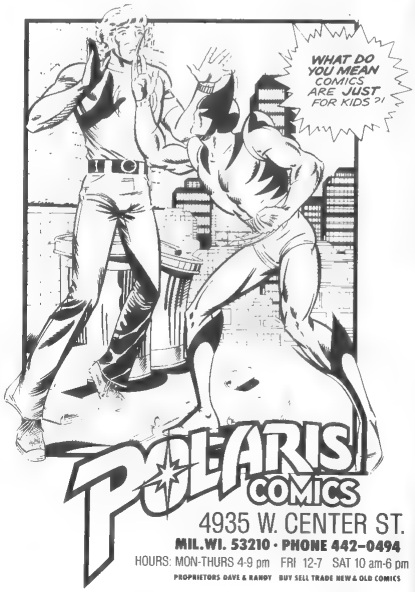
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I covered my ears as the shriek grew annoying. Their laughter was abruptly halted by a hard jolt that made everyone slam into the left wall.

With lightning speed, the two guards jumped back onto their feet, grabbing their guns in the process. "Gigorous!", one screamed, as the ship jolted again. Their commander rushed to the door. Realizing that the alien door didn't have his familiar markings, he pointed to it and growled something to his guards.

The guards aimed at the door, ready to fire.

"Wait!", I yelled as loud as I could. I stood, keeping my hands up so as not to seem threatening. They stared at me.

"Captain?", I said, almost whispering.

"Yeah Haller?", the deep voice answered from behind.

"I think they want to get out. I'm going to open the door, so grab the helmets and suits out of the closet by the door."

There was another jolt. This time the giants stood there ground like statues. I fought hard not to fall, but to no avail. I fell on my left arm and pain shot thru my elbow.

"Computer! Open the Air lock doors!" I screamed, my words full of agony. "That is impossible. Chuck, the atmosphere outside!"

"Shut up and do it," I shrieked. "Now!"

The doors quickly opened. And the giants cautiously stepped into the airlock, then left through the outer door. One at a time with the commander going last.

"Haller!", the captain shouted from behind. I turned just in time to catch the helmet that he threw to me. It had the NASA symbol with my last name embossed on the top. I slipped it on, along with the rest of my suit, then looked at the Captain holding Laura's helmet on her head to revive her. Wayne was assisting.

"Breathe, damn it, breathe," the Captain growled angrily. Laura suddenly coughed. The Captain sighed in relief.

"What next Captain?", I asked, as we listened to the distinct sounds of a battle outside with loud explosions, screaming of commands and the humming of laser weapons.

Captain Taylor darted angry eyes towards me, clearly seen through the clear shield of his helmet. He looked down at Laura again and began to release her as she was coming to.

"Wayne," he ordered, handing her to him. Wayne obliged and held her.

"The damn assholes!", the Captain screamed. Then lowering his voice almost immediately as his baritone voice echoed loud in his helmet.

"No wonder they never showed me those pictures!", he thought aloud. "They knew...they knew about this all along."

"You mean they knew that there was life here?"

"Of course, Haller! They also knew about this war. Tell me Haller, have you had any military background at all? I know there wasn't anything listed on your NASA record."

"Well...", I began, "I did serve for a year on the Special Space Defensive Squad."

"I've heard of them, what was that all about?", the Captain asked, as he stepped toward the open airlock door and peered out.

"We were taught individual military tactics under alien environments."

"Alien environments?" You mean alien planets?", the cap asked shocked.

"No, no," I replied. "We fought on the moon and in space with special suits...the suits failed all tests, they couldn't discover a strong yet flexible enough material for suit, for battle."

"Terrific", the captain said, disappointed. "I know Wayne here has have five years in the Marines and Laura was a WAC for a couple years. I myself was commander in the Nicaraguan War. At least they weren't stupid enough to send us out here without the knowledge to protect ourselves."

There was a thick film of sarcasm in the Captain's voice.

"Who are they, Captain, Hendrix of mission control?", I asked, curious. Hendrix was in charge of this project from day one.

"No," Captain snapped as he turned and walked away from the door. "Much higher then NASA. Somebody from the Pentagon, I'm sure, In the interest of national security. We can't just let a war go on without making sure that it doesn't endanger the freedom of the Unites States of America."

"I guess Jupiter is too close to us now, eh, Cap..?", Wayne added, as he helped Laura on with her suit.

"What next then?", I asked again.

"What next?", the Cap repeated, "I tell what next...we're going back."

"Home?", Wayne asked, "Earth?"

"Damn right, Wayne...We're not going to be the guina pigs they wish us to be...we're going home alive, and empty handed. "Captain Taylor walked firmly towards the front counsole. "Computer." He ordered.

"Yes Captain?", the familiar unisex voice replied.

"Damage report..." Cap began, then added, as a second though; "Are the communicators working?"

"Communications outside this atmosphere are impossible by radio, but a recorded probe may be possible."

"How long until Earch receives the message?"

"22 days Captain. Of course this also depends on if the probe does leave the atmosphere in one piece...after doing some heavy calculating I've discovered that lightning, and also the armed weapons that the probe has a little more than 12.356 percent of actually leaving the atmosphere, this also does not include the possibility of corrosion due to the slight evidence of ammonia and methane in the upper atmosphere."

"Ammonia?", the Cap asked, astonished.

"Yes Captain, I find the atmosphere interesting. It seemed to be in three drastically different layers, always one attacking the other, which of course accounts for the violent lightning storms. The closest layer to the surface contains a small amount of oxygen, carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, hydrogen and methane, but ammonia is very minimal, due to the thick second layer of hydrogen at a solid state which keeps the ammonia from the third outer layer, out—"

The captain wasn't listening to the computer joyously spitting out information after fixing its outer scanning device. He stared out the door perplexed.

"Shut up," he grunted, like a tired bull after a fight.

"How could there be life on this planet?", the captain asked, not expecting an answer. He shook his head in disbelief.

"Aliens", Wayne offered sternly. We all looked at him. "Well, life wouldn't have evolved on such a hellish planet."

It did make sense. But...

"Aliens that breathe ammonia?", Laura doubted.

"Why not," Wayne demanded. "There's so little we know, it could be possible."

Suddenly, the ship jolted, more abruptly than before. Everyone hit the floor hard. My helmet bounced off the floor, as I tried to roll with the fall.

"What the hell?" I shouted. "The ship can't take much more of this, Captain!"

"The Captain jumped up immediately. He turned to Wayne. "Grab anything we could use as a weapon in the suit closet," he ordered, pointing. "Computer?"

"Yes, Captain?"

"I want you to analyze the weather conditions, and when you've familiarized yourself with them, shoot a probe out, keep shooting probes out until you get one out of the atmosphere. Then work on a complete damage report..."

"What message should I send for you, Captain?"

The Captain froze for a moment, then a grin slowly appeared on his wrinkled face. "Send this..." He began, as his grin turned to a smile. "...having a wonderful time, really wish you were here...Sincerely Captain Taylor... And computer, emphasize "really" and make it sound as sarcastic and angry as you can. Then add the usual SOS and Mayday calls...God only knows when or if they'll send a rescue ship but they're not going to get any information out of me before I die."

The Captain choked. He didn't want to say that. The thought of dying always ruined morale.

Wayne walked up to him quietly and handed him four laser-drills. The Captain took all four into his gloved hands and stared at the small pistol-like tools. He looked up at his crew, remembering the size of his uninvited guest's weapons and prayed.

"Well, my friends," Captain Taylor said. "We are on our own." He sighed. "And I'm gonna do my damndest to get us out of this...Let's go see what's going on!"

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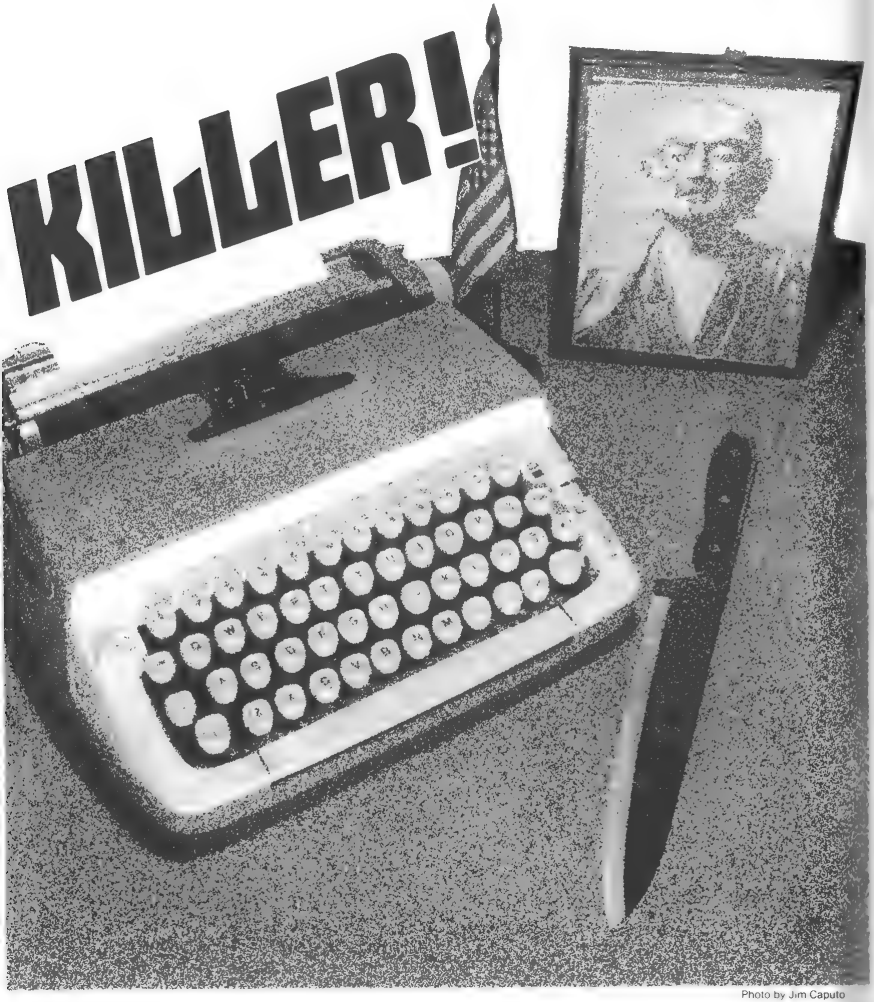
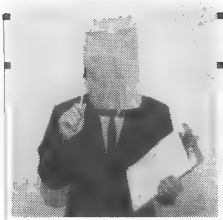


Photo by Jim Caputo

SOMETHING DIFFERENT



by Unknown Author

"You have to help me, Doc!"

"What can I do for you, young man?" Doctor Ranus said to me, after our introduction and his offer to have me lie on the couch.

"It's like this, Doc," I said reclining on the dreaded psychiatrist's couch.

"Well, Doctor Randolf referred me to you. He said my condition is getting worse and there isn't anything else he can do for me."

"Well, son," he said, "tell me what the problem is. You can start from the beginning, and if you like, I can even put you under hypnosis."

"I don't think that will be necessary, I've been wanting to get this off my chest for a month," I reassured him.

"Please proceed," he concluded, "I'll help you in every way I can, Jim."

"Well, Doc, it all started about a month ago. I had just met a girl at a party. Her name was Cheryl and she was a knock-out, blonde hair, blue eyes, and the biggest set of tits you ever saw."

"Jim, let's get to the problem."

"Sorry, Doc, I got carried away. She was a very nice girl and we had a very nice conversation that night. I asked her for her phone number. I called her the following day to see if she wanted to go out to see a movie. She liked the idea and proceeded to ask me what I wanted to see. I said I didn't care and for her to pick it. We went, that evening, to see *Friday the 13th, Part II.* I picked her up, and we started the evening, at 7:00 p.m., smoking a joint. You know what it's like driving in a marijuana smoke-filled car?"

"Don't stray from the subject, Jim. Please, please continue."

"Sorry, Doc, I'll try not to stray, but it's hard not to, it's been so awful."

"I understand, Jim, but I can only help you if you give me the facts, and JUST the facts."

"Okay Doc. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes! When we arrived at the theatre, I went to the ticket window and bought two tickets, and we proceeded to our seats. When the movie started, I asked her if she wanted a Coke® or something. She said maybe later. Then she grabbed my leg and said thanks anyway. She proceeded to rub and massage my right leg, just above the knee. As she worked her hand up my leg... the first girl just got an axe through her skull on the screen. I got up and ran, as fast as I could, to the rest room. There I threw up both my lunch and dinner. I never saw my mother's cooking look better. I hadn't done that for years. In fact, the last time I did that is when I drank a case and a half of Lowenbrau beer and had eaten four bologna and mustard sandwiches."

"Jim, please, keep your mind on the facts, and the facts only."

"I apologize, Doc, it won't happen again."

"It better not, you only have an hour, Jim."

This guy is a real bastard, I thought to myself. I then continued.

"When I returned to my seat, which wasn't too hard to find, being that we were the only ones in the theatre, I sat down and up on the screen there were a couple of kids screwing around on screen. I took advantage of this situation and placed my hand on Cheryl's tit. They were firm tits at that. I felt something dripping on my hand. I thought to myself, God, this girl is drooling on my hands—she's so excited. I turned to kiss her and got poked in the eye by something cold. I felt around and noticed that there was something sticking out of her eye. I realized then, that it wasn't drool—it was blood. I ran to the front office and frantically called for help, 'There's been a murder'. The theatre lights went on and the usher came back to my seat with me and only had to take a glance at her to be disgusted enough to throw-up on my cowboy boots. As I shook it off, I noticed that it looked like my mother's cooking."

"You don't like your mother's cooking, Jim?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I love regurgitated food. You know, I'm beginning to dislike you Doc."

"You're not here to fall in love with me. Just tell me what happened next," he said yawning.

So I continued, "Cheryl had been stabbed in the left eye with a Ginsu II steak knife. It looked like the killer twisted it, because there were pieces of brain oozing out, along with the blood. The scariest thing about it was that her other eye was still open, with a real confused look in it, like she had recognized her murderer. The police were called, along with the coroner, and Cheryl's parents. It had to be tough to identify your murdered daughter's body."

"For the next four hours, I was interrogated, fingerprinted, interrogated more, taken pictures of, spoke with Cheryl's dad, filled out three police reports, talked to thirteen police officers, took three lie-detector tests, four breathalizers, and a partridge in a pear tree. They wanted to question me more after the autopsy and after checking with the ushers and theatre attendants. For a week, day in and day out, I had to report at the courthouse for more questions, and yet, even more questions."

"I saw my doctor seven days after it happened, and all he gave me were muscle relaxers. The lack of sleep was wearing me down. The nightmares weren't helping either. After two weeks of muscle relaxers, and four other pills he had given me, he referred me to you. I called and made an appointment with you for today."

"And that's the story, Doc. Can you help me?"

There was no answer. I looked up and the son-of-a-bitch was sleeping. I quietly got up off the couch and went over to his desk and grabbed his letter opener. I walked quietly in front of him. I called out his name and as he awakened and looked up at me, I plunged the knife into his left eye and twisted it 'till his brain came oozing out. His eye, the right one, looked at me the same way Cheryl's did, and Bonnie's, and Martha's, and even dad's.

Well, mom, to make a long story short, I'm writing because the food here is worse than yours. Could you send me something I can eat through a straw? The jacket they gave me ties in the back. It's really nice otherwise. It's clean and white. It took me 18 hours to type this letter. They won't let me use my hands so I used my nose. Oh, before I forget, could you send out the last payment I owe to the Ginsu Corporation. Thanks.

Love,
Jim

Dear Mr. V.

I've seen the OMEN a few times and enjoyed it, but I never bothered to ever see DAMIEN, the sequel because of my previous experiences with sequels (all garbage). Well, I had recently purchased a video recorder and some of my "video friends" were shocked that I had not seen DAMIEN OMEN II. One of my friends, who I feel has good taste as far as science fiction goes, also likes movies like FRIDAY THE 13th. My other friends think I'm strange that I enjoy such non-educational trash. Now I'm interested in knowing if I missed a good thriller or should I just rent something else?

Confused
Chicago, IL

Very few sequels, as film history bears out, have been able to stand equally with their predecessors in quality, entertainment value, or intelligent plot development; but DAMIEN OMEN II has joined this select club.

As we all know from the original, the demon child was spirited away from his British homeland in the care of his American uncle. This film logically begins seven years later with the boys approaching adolescence.

He's living in a baronial estate outside Chicago. Enrolled in a prestigious military academy, he is heir to a multi-billion dollar corporation, and is about to learn the secret of his identity. As he finds out his mission on earth, though, so do a few others, who (of course) all meet dastardly ends.

The movie tells its tale and does it well, without getting burdened with religious hysteria. The acting is very good, the photography superb, and the Chicago backgrounds never looked so good.

If you liked the first OMEN, I heartily recommend seeing DAMIEN. In some ways it's even better.

Dear Mr. V.

I've recently seen THE MANITOU on free TV and I really didn't enjoy it but there were some good special effects. My question is should I rent it and see the un-cut version before I decide to chalk it off my SF library list as a possible purchase?

Seen it all?

Gary, IN

This piece of trash has got to be one of the worst films ever seen on the American screen. How it ever sneaked its way out of the studio and into distribution is a mystery.

The plot concerns a young woman who checks into a hospital with a strange tumor-like lump on her spine. As the film progresses (or regresses, depending on the way you perceive it), the growth really (!) turns out to be the fetus of a dead evil Indian medicine man, back to cause havoc after a four hundred-year absence. Once it has been born (yes, it pops out of her back one night), the evil Indian turns out to be just a midget with a long black wig on--hardly scary! The only thing missing in this masterpiece is a black cat and a crone on a broom.

The whole thing is silly with some really bad acting and some downright atrocious dialogue. Whoever decided to cast Tony Curtis as the hero in a "horror" film should be committed to Happy Hill, all expenses paid.

This one is a real bomb, and viewers beware--you've been warned about THE MANITOU.

Hit List!

The following movies are available on video, both in VHS and Beta for rental or purchase. Many of these movies are also being shown at a local variety theatre and on pay TV. Wherever you find the chance to see these movies, remember, they're on Mr. V's ***Hit List!***

ANDROMEDA STRAIN

Authur Hill

The earth's best virus specialists must fight time to save the world from a deadly alien germ.

BLADE RUNNER

Harrison Ford
1982

A spectacular film about a futuristic detective who seeks out and destroys rebel "replicants" (androids) with super human strength and intelligence. Extremely well done from the music to the visual effects.

GALAXINA

Dorothy Stratten

A parody of the science-fiction fantasies. A lovely female android is created with human feelings.

© Ladd Company © Warner Communications

JAWS

Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss
1975

A killer white shark (directed by Steven Spielberg) terrorizes a vacation community during peak season, the music track and special effects makes this a great thriller.

KING KONG

Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, Jessica Lange
1977

A modern full color version of the classic 1933 movie of the capture and display of a giant ape.

LOOKER

Albert Finney, James Coburn

A hi-tech thriller about TV models, mind control and a mysterious new secret weapon. Good entertainment.

continued on next page

ROAD WARRIOR

Mel Gibson

In this sequel to the Australian hit Mad Max, the future is filled with rebels out for themselves to find the precious fuel called gasoline. It's the good guys against the bad guys in this science-fiction spectacular! VIOLENCE.

SOYLENT GREEN

Charlton Heston

A science-fiction horror story of what would happen if the world became overcrowded and polluted. A dynamic motion picture, from the book MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM!

STRANGER FROM VENUS

Patricia Neal
1954

The fate of the human race is in the hands of one visitor from the planet Venus. Is humankind worth the price of saving? A classic.

SUPERMAN

Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Christoper Reeve, Margot Kidder
1978

The film spectacular of the life of the man of steel. Fantastic special effects and a great cast make this a treasure to all fans of science fiction and fantasy alike!

THE THING

James Arnes, Kenneth Tobey
1951

The original flick in which a giant creature from outer space is discovered crash landed in the artic. A very well done classic.

THE THING

Kurt Russell
1982

A 100,000 year old alien creature is discovered frozen near an Antarctica research station. When it's unfrozen and unleased it creates havoc, (and a very spooky movie). Outstanding special effects.

THX 1138

Robert Duvall

George Lucas's first major film takes you to the 25th century where no-one has a name, identity or a memory of birthright in a drug-induced, high-tech, underground city.

Hit List!

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The TEAM

"Those Who Skulk And Laugh!"

HEADS UP!
YIKES!
KEEP OUT
IT'S AFTER DYSPRO...
IT HASN'T MADE A MOVE ON ANY OF US ...YET...
ARGHNN!
KINESIS... IT'S KILLING HIM--WE MUST DISTRACT IT!!

T-THAT T-THING! I'M SPLITTING!
VESPER! MYSTIFIER! I NEED SOME HELP - IT DOESN'T FEEL MY KINETIC BLASTS!!
HOW'S THIS?!
MY BLACK LIGHT BEAM SEEMS TO BE CHANGING THE CREATURE'S APPEARANCE!
WONDER WHY...
HA HA HA HA HA
HE'S TURNING!
TIME TO MIRROR UP... THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO NEED SHIELDING...
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
DENIZON! CHECK ON DYSPRO SEE IF HE'S OKAY...
DENIZON QUICKLY GIVES KINESIS THE OKAY SIGNAL...
FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND KINESIS IS STUNNED BY THE MOST HUMAN GESTURE THAT HER FELLOW TEAM-MATE HAS EVER EXPRESSED...
...A FRACTION OF A SECOND CAN BE A LONG TIME TO BE OFF-GUARD.
KINESIS, LOOK OUT!
EH?
OWW.
SHEEN'S POWERS ARE SIMPLE: SHE 'MIRRORS' EVERYTHING THAT HITS HER...
... RIGHT BACK TO IT'S ORIGIN.
HA HA HA
ZAP
NOTHIN' WE DO SEEMS TO STOP THIS THING! WHAT NEXT?...
HA HA HA HA
VESPER'S QUESTION WILL GO UNANSWERED FOR NOW....

... AS WE FOLLOW WAVE SHOOTING UPWARD FROM THE FIGHT...
THAT CREATURE IS TOO MAJOR-LEAGUE FOR ME-- WHO AM I KIDDING...?
I'M SCARED SHITLESS!
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT I'D CHICKEN-OUT WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH...
...BUT THAT THING LOOKS LIKE THE DAMN DEVIL- AND IF IT KNOCKED DYSPRO OUT--MY RADIO-WAVE BLASTS WON'T DO A THING...
... BUT, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING SOMEHOW!
...IF I DON'T... KINESIS WILL SUSPECT AND PROBABLY KICK ME OFF THE TEAM...
I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THIS, LORD GIVE ME STRENGTH...
'CAUSE I'VE GOT TO PROVE MYSELF!
WHAT THE--?
THUMP
EH!
OH SHIT.
ARRGH
T-THE LIGHT!
A LONG THIN BEAM SHOOTS DOWNWARD FROM THE STRANGE CRAFT.

...DOWNWARD INTO THE ALLEY BELOW.
HOLD IT GROUP... W-WHAT'S THIS LIGHT BEAM!?
DON'T KNOW BOSS,... BUT YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT OUR LAUGHING FRIEND'S REACTION TO IT!
HEY LOOK... H-HE'S... DISAPPEARING-!
MORE LIKELY; TELEPORTED, AND I'M AFRAID WE'RE BEING DRAGGED ALONG.
HE'S RIGHT!
WE'RE DISAPPEARING
TO WHERE?!
WAIT!- DENIZON! DYSPRO! HELP! WE'RE BEING TELEPORTED!
TELEPORTED?! DENIE, OL' BUDDY... I THINK WE'D BETTER MOVE OUR BUTTS OR GET LEFT OUT IN THE COLD!

YEEOWW!
WOW... TALK ABOUT FAST ON THEIR FEET!!?
SSLOW D-DOWN... DENIE...!
... AS ALL THIS TAKES PLACE THERE IS AN ASTONISHED ON-LOOKER HIDING IN THE SHADOWS...
SLOWww...*
SARGE... L-LISTEN, I'VE LOCATED THE SOURCE OF THE DISTURBANCE... THE ALLEY BETWEEN ADAMS & JACKSON!-- I-I'M GONNA NEED SOME BACK UP... REAL FAST!!
ROOKIE RALPH INJESKI NOTICES THE INCREDIBLE SCENE BEFORE HIM SLOWLY BEGIN TO DIS-- APPEAR, AS THE STRANGE BEAM OF LIGHT GRACE-- FULLY DISINTEGRATES.
WHAT IS IT, RALPH... WHAT'S GOING ON?!
WELL...
... UH...
...BUT RALPH HAS A SMALL PROBLEM. LAST MONTH HE WAS SUSPENDED FOR FILING A REPORT STATING THAT HE WITNESSED A YOUNG COUPLE BEING TAKEN ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER. HE HAD HAD A COUPLE BEERS AT A FRIEND'S PLACE EARLIER THAT DAY...
... SO THEY LABELED HIM AN ALCOHOLIC.
TODAY IS RALPH'S FIRST DAY BACK FROM THERAPY...
... AND NOW HE'S QUESTIONING HIS OWN SANITY!
NO!!
HE REALIZES THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PROVE THAT HE'S AS SANE AS THE NEXT GUY...
WAIT--*
... AND HIS LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

NO SMOK

KING
WEEK

PART TWO... *"Those Who Skulk And Laugh!"*

OHHH... WHAT... OH YES, WE WERE TELEPORTED SOMEHOW...
WHY IS IT SO HOT?! I'M SUNBURN.
SUNBURN?
EH!
MORNING CHIEF... OH, YOU NOTICED WE'VE BEEN TELEPORTED TO, GOD ONLY KNOWS... BUT I'LL TELL YA, FROM THE LOOK OF THOSE SUNS--I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN "KANSAS" ANYMORE.
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?
TEN MINUTES
AND OUR LAUGHING FRIEND?
GONE.
ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE, MYSTIFIER?
WELL...
THRU MY KNOWLEGDE OF TIME AND SPACE AND THOSE THREE SUNS.

... THIS IS THE PLANET DRAPER, NEAR THE MIDDLE OF OUR GALAXY...
WHAT?!
...AND I'D HAVE TO SAY THAT WE ARE VERY LUCKY...
LUCKY?
IT'S ONLY 125° F...
... WHICH MEANS THAT IT'S A VERY MILD WINTER...
THE TEMP HERE CAN REACH 200° IN THE WINTER, 300° F IN THE SUMMER... I'M VERY SURPRISED TO SEE ANY TYPE OF LIFE USING THIS PLANET.
ALL THAT KNOWLEDGE, IF HE'D JUST LET ME PEEK INTO HIS MIND... ALL THOSE WONDERS...
I BELIEVE SHELTER IS FIRST PRIORITY.
300°! GREAT!
I ALWAYS WONDERED IF I COULD MELT!
KINESIS, ...OVER HERE.
WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
WHO... A POLICEMAN?!
OH, NOW, WE PLAY BABYSITTER
HE MUSTA FOLLOWED US THRU DAT BEAM... SO COOL IT DYSPRO!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU PEOPLE CAN GO ON IGNORING THE DAMN JERK...
...I MEAN, DYSPRO... THERE IS NO NEED TO MAKE OUR SITUATION ANY WORSE JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE, FOR SOME REASON, A BUG UP YOUR ASS!
A TEAM WORKS WITH MUTUAL RESPECT...
... AND IT SEEMS TO ME YOU DON'T GIVE A CRAP ABOUT ANYBODY BUT YOURSELF... NUMERO UNO!
WELL MY FELLOW TEAM-MATE... MY FATHER HAD YOUR PROBLEM ONCE, ALWAYS IRRITABLE, SELF DESTRUCTIVE BETWEEN SIPS OF HIS CURE...

YOU'RE AN ALCOHOLIC, DYSPRO - WE ALL KNOW IT - BUT WE IGNORE YOU, IGNORE YOUR CRY FOR HELP!
BUT DYSPRO, WE CAN'T HELP YOU, ONLY YOU CAN. YOURSELF!

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THE DAMN EXPERT, PUNK! YOU'RE A KID!
JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE A YOUNG GENIUS, DOESN'T MAKE YOU AN EXPERT ON EVERYTHING
COME ON, MAN! IT'S TOO HOT TO HAVE A STUPID ARGUMENT! COOL IT!

I USED TO BE A COP.. BUT NOT YOUR TYPICAL CHICAGO COP... I WAS THE BEST! 'A' PLUS!
ALL RIGHT YOU TWO--THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS MAN NEEDS SHELTER,... YOU GUYS CARE TO PLAY SCOUT?

WE NEED TO SEE IF THE LIFE ON THIS PLANET IS HELPFUL OR ALL A BUNCH OF LAUGHING DEMONS...
... AND WHO TELEPORTED US HERE AND WHY--AND WE MUST GET THIS MAN, AS WELL AS OUR-4 SELVES HOME!
I'VE PLACED A KINETIC SHIELD ON HIM, BUT I'M AFRAID... YOU HAVE AN HOUR TO SAVE THIS GUY.

WITH ALL DO RESPECT TO YOU BEING LEADER KINESIS, MY INDESTRUCTABLE SKIN CAN WITHSTAND A HOSTILE ATTACK BETTER THAN WAVE'S -- AND MY EXPERIENCE...
HEY!
DO THEY SUSPECT?
A GOOD POINT DYSPRO, IF YOU CAN HANDLE IT ALONE, DO IT.
I CAN.
OKAY... YOU'RE ON, ALONE.
...PLEASE...L-LET'S GET OUT OF THIS HEAT... I CAN'T HANDLE IT... THE WHITE LIGHT
I CAN'T HANDLE... THE BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT...
MAYBE THEY'RE TESTING ME?
JUST A MINUTE. TOGETHER WE'D BE FASTER - YOUR BRAUN, MY BRAINS--
--OUR SPEED!
ARE YOU CRAZY DYSPRO? THIS IS AN ALIEN PLANET! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE!
I KNOW THE PLANET... I WILL ACCOMPANY YOU...
NO MYSTIFIER, THAT MAKES YOU TOO VALUABLE.
YOU STAY HERE WAVE... THIS MIGHT BE TOO DANGEROUS...
...YOU REMEMBER THAT I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE, PUNJK--AND I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL-- YOU GET OVER BEING A SCARED BOY, AND BECOME A MAN...
AND I'LL JOIN THE AA...!
MYSTIFIER, DO YOU TH--
HE'LL BE FINE.

I DON'T KNOW, MISTY-- I HAVE A BAD FEELING... BE CAREFUL...
DYSPRO, BE CAREFUL!
WHAT DOES HE MEAN,... "A SCARED BOY"
STOP IT, WAVE... WE ALL KNOW.
Y-YOU DO?
YEAH.. WE DO.
...AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BASIC IDEA THAT YOU, THE ALL-MIGHTY HYPROCRATE, ACTUALLY HELPED DYSPRO REALIZE PART OF HIS PROBLEM, I'D PUNCH OUT YOUR LIGHTS...!
CLICK--
CLICK
PLEASE, OFFICER...
WOULD SOMEONE CARE TO EXPLAIN WHERE THE HELL I AM? I KNOW THIS AIN'T "THE TWILIGHT ZONE."

WHAT SHOULD WE TELL THIS GUY?
LISTEN, MAN, THERE ARE TWO THING: THAT I HATE DA MOST; BEING CALLED CRAZY--CAUSE I AIN'T!
...AND BEIN' IGNORED...
KINDLY TELL ME WHERE WE ARE...
WHAT THE--!
EH?
LOOK!
UP THERE!
HI EVERYBODY.. I FOUND SOME HELP--I THINK.
NEXT:
THOSE WHO SKULK AND LAUGH ON DRAPER!

In the future…mankind conquered the stars, as they slowly evolved into a race without greed, anger, jealousy, crime and murder—the race became peaceful, playful, almost child-like…until the Spinnolians came from the other side of the galaxy. Humankind was then put into chains, they were slaughtered, abused and doomed to extinction. No one knew how to fight the race of monsters from the other side of Paradise. Fighting had been weeded out of Humankind forever. Or so they thought, until three tortured souls, snapped to become the "savages," "freaks," even called mutations by the race they were trying to save, for they knew: these three freaks of the now dead planet of Monkenomium, they knew how to save Humankind from total destruction. They joined forces to become…Tomaire, Jex, Loraina…the

MONKENOMIUM WARRIORS

"Capture!"
THE TWO AT THE END M'LORD, THEY HAVE VERY STRANGE GARMENTS AND WEAPONS, AND RUMOR'S SAY THAT—
WEAPONS?
IMPOSSIBLE. NO HUMAN IS CAPABLE OF USING ANY TYPE OF WEAPON...ARE YOU HUMORING ME?
NO M'LORD
HUMANS ARE SOFT AND PUNY
THE STENCH IN HERE IS TOO STRONG. ARE THE AIR VENTS ON?
YES M'LORD
THEN GET THEM REPAIRED!
YES M'LORD
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY HUMANS DESIRE TO SLEEP WHEN DRUGS CAN ELEVIATE THE PROBLEM A WASTEFUL RACE.
WAKE THE MALE.
AWAKE HUMAN!
UHHHHHN!
WAK!

Continued from last issue

FILTHY BASTARD- ill--
GASP!
NO! TOMAIRE STOP IT!
REMEMBER OUR PLAN! WE MUST CONVINCE THEM THAT WE'RE AS HARMLESS AS THE REST OF THE HUMAN RACE!
TOMAIRE! BACK OFF HIM, NOW!... OF ALL THE STUPID IDIOTIC MOVES...
I-I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... I'M SORRY.. LORMINA..
GREAT SPINNOILIA! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH HATRED IN THE EYES OF A MAN BEFORE... COULD THESE BE THE MIGHTY WARRIORS THAT MY PRESIDENT HAS WARNED ME OF?..
YET.. THEY ARE SO.. SMALL AND 'HUMAN' LOOKING, THEY SURELY CAN NOT KILL... CERTAINLY NOT A MIGHTY SPINNOILIAN WARRIOR. IT IS TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE...
IS IT?
THE GENERAL REPORTED THAT A 'GIANT' CRAZED BY DRUGS CAUSED THE CASUALTIES - WAS HE EMBARRESED OF THE TRUTH?
I MUST SPEAK TO THE INJURED GUARDS...
TOMAIRE, YOU FOOL! HE ALMOST JUMPED OUT OF HIS SKIN!
IF IT EVER DOES INTO THEIR PEA-BRAINS THAT... WE ARE THE MONKENUMIUM WARRIORS THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING ACROSS THE GALAXY FOR...
WE'RE DEAD, AND SO IS THE REST OF THE HUMAN RACE!
GAURD... TAKE WATCH AT THE DOOR.
YES, M'LORD.
I SAID I WAS SORRY... IT WAS UNCONTROLABLE -- DO YOU THINK I ENJOY ACTING LIKE A DAMN SPINNOILIAN..? LIKE A...
TOMAIRE, AGAIN COULDN'T ACCEPT BEING SO VIOLENT.
WHY I AM SORRY, FORGIVE ME
ALWAYS..
-YAWN-
ZZZZ
AAH-
UUGH-
HUH?
WHAT WAS THAT?
A FIGURE STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY AND STANDS SILENT.

SUDDENLY, THE FIGURE TOSSED A FAMILIAR OBJECT.
HUH?
MY LASER?
WHO?
WAIT TOMAIRE! I'M GETTING A THOUGHT PATTERN...
IT'S JEX!
THERE ISN'T A SPINNOILIAN CELL IN THE GALAXY THAT CAN HOLD ME FOR LONG.
CARE TO JOIN ME IN A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE AND DESTROY?
... THEY TOOK ALL OUR WEAPONS... ... IMPRISONED US...
PLACED ARMED GUARDS AT OUR DOORS... IT WOULD BE VERY INTERESTING TO KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO ESCAPE ON YOUR OWN?

WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING HOW YOU DID THAT TRICK WITH YOUR SWORD...I MEAN I'VE SEEN STRANGE THINGS IN MY LIFE... BUT...
NO, NO... I ASKED YOU FIRST...

HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?
IT'S A LONG AND DULL STORY THAT I'LL EXPLAIN ONE DAY WHEN WE HAVE TIME TO CHAT...
DOES IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THOSE VERY STRANGE SPECTACLES YOU WEAR ALL THE TIME? ...HUH?

JEX BECOMES SILENT AS HIS FOREHEAD WRINKLES INTO A FROWN...
...I MEAN, ARE THEY A SECRET WEAPON...?
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WEAR THEM ANYWAY...

BUT ONLY TOMAIRE NOTICED THE AGONY THRU THE DARK SPECTACLES...
HOW DO YOU SEE?
UH...JEX? WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE? ...ANY IDEAS?
...EH?

YES...I'LL FIND OUR SHIP AND YOU TWO FREE THE PRISONERS...
...I'LL MEET YOU AT THE MAIN SLAVE HOLDING CELL, I THINK IT'S THAT WAY... BE CAREFUL.

THAT WASN'T LIKE JEX TO JUST TAKE OFF LIKE THAT AND NOT SAY GOOD-BYE...
I THINK YOU HIT A SENSITIVE SPOT WITH HIS SPECTACLES...
REALLY...I DIDN'T KNOW.

...DON'T WORRY LORAINNA...I'M SURE HE KNOWS THAT...
...YOU'RE...RIGHT.
AND IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE... HE MIGHT TELL YOU WHY IT'S A SENSITIVE SPOT...DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE OKAY...
TELL THE PRISONERS IN OUR CELL TO FOLLOW US TO THE MAIN CELL...WE GOTTA MOVE FAST.
I'M SORRY JEX...
END PART 1

PART II

HOW MANY DO YOU ESTIMATE TOMAIRE?
WELL, INCLUDING THE FEW HUNDRED WE ADDED FROM THE OTHER CELLS ON THIS BASE, I'D SAY OH... THREE THOUSAND FIVE. INCLUDING THE OTHER RACES OF THE COUNCIL OF SUPREME INTELLIGENCE.
WILL THEY FIT IN OUR SHIP?...
...NO PROBLEM...
THAT'S FUNNY, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY GUARDS AT ALL...
... NOT REALLY LORAINA, SPINNOILIANS DON'T BELIEVE THAT HUMANS DO NEED ANY SUPERVISION... AT ALL!
WE'RE ALL TOO PUNY AND WEAK, EH?
THAT'S RIGHT.
I DON'T KNOW WHO'S MORE EGOTISTICAL, THE 'SUPREME COUNCIL' OR THE SPINNOILIANS..?
THAT'S A TOUGHIE LORAINA, BUT WATCH IT THEY COULD BE LISTENING AND DEGRADE US AS SUB-HUMAN EVEN MORE...
..TOMAIRE REMEMBERS THE COUNCIL OF SUPREME INTELLIGENCE. HE RE-- MEMBERS THEM ALL TOO WELL...

... BUT HE MOSTLY RECALLS THE FIRST TIME LORAINA- A SLAVE FROM BIRTH, WITNESSED THE SUPREME COUNCIL. IT WAS THE DAY THAT HE HAD FOUND HER.
SHE WAS WET FROM AN EARLY MORNING SHOWER.
SHE HAD BEEN CRYING, BUT WHEN SHE FINALLY NOTICED HIM WATCHING HER, SHE REACHED FOR A SPINNOILIAN SWORD LYING IN THE GRASS BESIDE HER. THE SWORD WAS STAINED WITH BROWN SPINNOILIAN BLOOD.
WELCOME... I AM TOMAIRE!
SHE DROPPED THE SWORD AND SCREAMED AS A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT EXPLODED BEHIND ME.
SHE WAS TERRIFIED- BEGGING FOR FORGIVENESS..

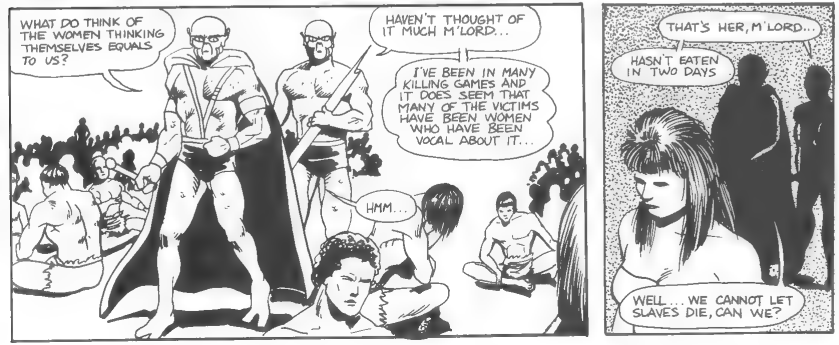
ALSO, THE FIRST TIME HE BROUGHT HER TO THEM... THE SUPREME COUNCIL..
WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT, TO MAIRE? WHO IS THE FEMALE?
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHY I'M HERE, YOU READ THOUGHTS. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?!
THE VOICE WAS ALWAYS STRANGE... NOT OF ONE, BUT OF MANY, TOGETHER.

... SHE WISHES TO JOIN ME AS WARRIOR AGAINST THE SPINNOILIANS...
I NEEDED TO HEAR THAT CLEARLY WITHIN YOUR CONSCIOUS MIND...
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS...
NO.
YOU SEEM TO HAVE EXPECTED THE ANSWER... YET YOU ARE STILL HERE! WAITING?
THIS IS VERY BOLD OF YOU, TOMAIRE...
YES... IT IS... ISN'T IT!
AT LEAST LET HER SPEAK! LET HER EXPLAIN!
...SHE FEELS WHAT I FEEL! SHE HAS SEEN AND EXPERIENCE THAT I HAVE! SHE WISHES TO SAVE HUMANKIND, AS I DO
...YOU HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT EVERY HUMAN SOUL HAS A PERPOSE IN THIS LIFE-- THAT EVERY HUMAN BEING IS IMPORTANT TO THE LIFE-STREAM!
IF YOU DO NOT LET HER SPEAK THEN YOU JUST SPIT ON YOUR OWN BELIEFS!
THEN SPEAK, MY DEAR... IS THIS TRUE? DO YOU WISH TO BECOME SUCH AS TOMAIRE?
...UH...
DO NOT BE AFRAID CHILD... WE ARE HERE TO GUIDE AND PROTECT YOU...
OH!
...BEWARE WE KNOW WHEN YOU ARE LYING...

...I.... I DON'T UNDERSTAND W-WHY YOU NEED ME TO EXPLAIN WHEN YOU CAN READ MY MIND AND SEE...
...SEE THE HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE THAT WAS MY LIFE... A SLAVE FROM BIRTH TO THOSE D-DISGUSTING DEVIATE MONSTERS! THEY ENJOYED OUR AGONY, OUR PAIN-THEY ENJOYED PAIN THEMSELVES! EVIL THRILL SEEKERS--TO KILL, NOT TO CONQUER, BUT FOR THE ENJOYMENT! I WAS A HELL TO LIVE AMONG SUCH FILTH!
... BUT MY SWORD SAVED ME... FREED ME FROM INSANITY!
...P-PLEASE, I'M SORRY I TOOK ANOTHER LIFE... BUT I COULDN'T TAKE IT NOT ANYMORE!
I JUST COULDN'T TAKE THEIR SLIMY, BODIES ANYMORE!
YOU MUST HELP HER! SHE'S CONFUSED--YOU HEARD...HELP HER MIND REALIZE HER FATE... DON'T BRAIN WASH HER...
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT TOMAIRE.
WE WILL TRY HER HAND AND MIND...BUT IF SHE CANNOT COPE...
...THEN HER MIND WILL BE CLEANSED.
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR CONDITION, MY CHILD... FATE WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS, BUT WE WILL LOOK AFTER YOU.

THEY GAVE HER POWERS THEN... POWERS SHE WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND...
...UNTIL SHE NEEDED THEM, AND ONLY WHEN SHE NEEDED THEM.
TOMAIRE? TOMAIRE, ARE YOU AWAKE?
HUH?
ARE YOU READY TOMAIRE?

YOU ALWAYS FORGET, LORAINA...
I'M ALWAYS READY!
THE STENCH IN HERE IS STRONG! ARE THE VENTS WORKING?
YES M'LORD.
GET THEM REPAIRED IMMEDIATELY!
YES M'LORD.


WHAT DO THINK OF THE WOMEN THINKING THEMSELVES EQUALS TO US?
HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF IT MUCH M'LORD...
I'VE BEEN IN MANY KILLING GAMES AND IT DOES SEEM THAT MANY OF THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN VOCAL ABOUT IT..
HMM...
THAT'S HER, M'LORD...
HASN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS
WELL... WE CANNOT LET SLAVES DIE, CAN WE?

THIS SLAVE MUST BE TAUGHT AN IMPORTANT LESSON GUARD... CARE TO INDULGE YOURSELF..?
SLAP!

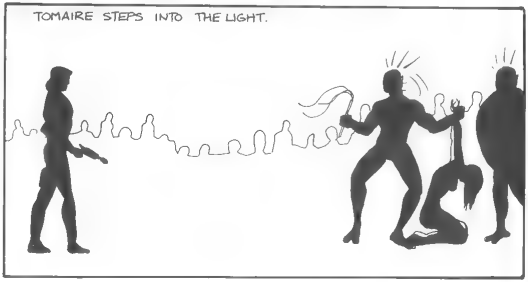
YES, M'LORD! HEE, HEE...

... AT FIRST, LIKE ANY OTHER HUMAN, TOMAIRE FEELS PITY AND SORROW...
BUT TOMAIRE IS NOT ANY OTHER HUMAN-- HE ALSO FEELS SOMETHING ELSE!
SLAP
WHIP
SLAP
AHHH
SLAP!
NOT EAT OUR FOOD WILL YOU! HEE HAH!

SOMETHING THAT GROWS INSIDE HIS MIND LIKE A SICKNESS. HER SCREAM STOPPED, MEANING SHE WAS EITHER UNCONCSIOUS OR DEAD.
AHH
I'LL TEACH YOU!
WHIP
WAK
SLAP!
AHH*
FILTHY...

BUT THEY KEPT WHIPPING AND WHIPPING... JUST AS THEY DID TO HIS FAMILY...
SLAP
WHIP
SCUM BASTARDS!
WHIP
BUT THEN, INSTEAD OF A WHIP, THEY USED A SWORD!

TOMAIRE? TO-- WHAT!?
NO.


TOMAIRE STEPS INTO THE LIGHT.

THE SPINNOILIAN GUARD STANDS ASTONISHED. A HUMAN WITH A WEAPON.
IS THIS A JOKE?
TOMAIRE SAYS NOTHING. HE JUST RAISES HIS LASER..
..THEN FIRES.
?
THUP
I-I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... ...A HUMAN...
...A HUMAN WITH A... A WEAPON?
...IMPOSSIBLE..!
TELL IT TO THE DEAD!!
BAM!
MERCY...
WHAT? YOU WANT MERCY!? I'LL GIVE YOU MERCY...
...AS MUCH AS YOUR DAMNED RACE HAS GIVEN THE MILLIONS YOU'VE KILLED OF MINE!
EH?

PLEASE TOMAIRE
YOU'RE FRIGHTENING THE PRISONERS...
"FRIGHTENING THE PRISONERS?!"
TOMAIRE SUDDENLY REALIZES THERE'S A CROWD AROUND HIM, ALL LOOKING AT HIM ASTONISHED... IS THIS A HUMAN?
L-LORAINA, I-I KILLED HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS... I USED NO WEAPON BUT MYSELF!
YES, TOMAIRE
HE CAME TO SAVE THEM... BUT WILL THEY GO WITH HIM NOW?
ONLY THE BARBARIC SPINNOLIANS DO SUCH THINGS LORAINA, ONLY THE SPINNOLIANS!
YOU AREN'T BARBARIC, TOMAIRE...
...WHY... WHY LORAINA?
WHY? OF ALL THE BILLIONS OF BEINGS IN THIS GALAXY--WHY DID FATE CHOOSE ME TO FIGHT?...
I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A... FREAK.
AS MUCH AS HE HATED THE WORD, HE SAID IT. BETTER HE, THEN OTHERS, AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN... "THE FREAK HUMAN OF MONKENOMIUM."
WE'RE NOT FREAKS, MY TOMAIRE...
WE'RE HUMANKIND'S ONLY TRUE WARRIORS... ONLY SAVIORS.

THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION: NEXT ISSUE

War on Jupiter *(continued from page 11)*

He handed each of us a laser-drill and single-file we stepped into the air-lock, then outside into the alien world.

The captain was the first to touch ground. The gravity seemed very light. His feet made no impression at all.

"It's a shame it had to be like this…I had a whole dance made up for the video camera to send back home to show the first step on the "surfaceless" planet of Jupiter…"

"I think it'll be a lot more meaningful if we danced the last steps off this planet," I remarked.

"Captain." It was Laura's voice.

The Captain turned to look at her. "Yes?"

"Captain…I'm frightened, I don't think I'm ready for this…

The Captain stared at her fearful eyes scanning the area. He then looked at Wayne and I. We were waiting for his answer.

"Ah, Laura," the Captain thought. "We're all scared shitless, but you are the only one man enough to admit it…"

"Go 'head Laura, keep an eye on this ship. Keep computer working on all the information that he can scrounge up to help save our lives…"

"Aye, aye," she said in relief, then turned and walked up the few steps to the entrance of the ship. The Captain turned after the door closed behind her and scanned the area.

As far as the eye could see thru a thin smog, there was debris, not small piles of garbage but large heaps of concrete and metal. Lightning flashed on the horizon illuminating the violent-red sky. Or was it lightning?

"Can you believe this?" the Captain said.

There was silence for a moment. "No…" Wayne replied. "It's like a damned nightmare…"

"This is crazy…" the Captain then said, shaking his head.

A large aircraft of some kind suddenly raced by directly above our ship. It continued for about a mile then turned around.

"Oh shit!" the Captain screamed. "They've spotted us, get away from the ship—run! They'll blow it to bits!"

The Captain, of course, was concerned in keeping the ship in one piece, after all it was our only means of returning back home. But what about us being blown to bits? That was all I could think of at that moment. I spotted what looked like an artificially made shelter. Using the long iron-like beams, somebody constructed a log cabin-like room underneath large boulders of broken concrete.

"In here!" I yelled. We raced toward the hole in long, high steps with the weak gravity.

"The gravity may have been great for speed but bobbing up and down that high was definitely not for taking cover unnoticed," the Captain stated as he plastered himself against the left wall of the small, cramped foxhole.

I pulled out the laser-drill from my belt pouch and looked at it. I looked up at Wayne who was looking at the tool in my hand. A tool which would become a weapon.

"I never killed anything before, Wayne," I told him, nervously smiling.

"Don't worry…" he said. He turned and looked out towards the ship a few yards away. "You're not going to kill anything with that thing…"

His voice sounded hopeless.

Suddenly there was an explosion. Then the sound of heavy boots walking on the crushed concrete debris above our heads.

Another explosion but this time it was closer. Two huge legs appeared in front of our exit, another pair jumped down from on top of our hiding place. They were booted up to just above the knees. Underneath the boots and up the leg were a pair of shorts and a familiar reddish brown moss. They were two of the giants.

I moved closer to the opening and noticed the shorter giant giving orders to a taller giant, pointing. The taller one jumped behind a large rock and waited eagerly. The shorter one stood firmly in place.

There was a familiar sound of an aircraft in the distance. The humming jets sounded louder as they came closer. When the craft was overhead, the two creatures jumped out from behind their hiding places, aimed their huge cannons to the sky and began firing.

The noise was earsplitting, as bright brilliant orange beams of light burst out of their weapons. The third creature then appeared from above. It jumped down firing skyward, but as the aircraft returned fire, the third creature was hit. His body was sliced in two by a small explosive missile.

It screamed just for a fraction of a second, then its body was splattered about the area.

"Oh God…" Wayne mumbled in disgust.

I closed my eyes as my body shuddered at the sight. Flesh and bones burst into fragments. The whistle of another small missile. I looked up and witnessed the missile hit the left wing of our ship. "The ship!" the Captain screamed. The missile exploded without a mark. Laura must have turned on the defense shields.

"Cap!" I grabbed his arm to stop him as he was starting out into the battlefield outside, "Captain, Laura's got the defense shields up…"

"I know that!" he hollered as he pulled his arm away from me, "but a few more hits like that and the shields will breakdown and that ship will explode—making this hole our graves!"

He was right. "We can't do anything," I said, remembering our small laser-drills. "We go out there and we're sitting ducks!"

The Captain gritted his teeth in anger and smashed his gloved fist against a rusted metal beam protruding from the ground.

"Damn!" he swore as he sat frozen, staring outwards at the ship and the battle. Two huge creatures fighting an armed aircraft. Very poor odds.

I looked out at the battle, just in time to witness the leader get hit by one of the missiles, but this one just grazed his leg then exploded at his feet. His body was thrown a few feet away onto a pile of concrete slabs. It yelled in pain with a bear-like growl, but within a moment the creature hopped up on his good leg, picked up his laser and began firing again. By this time the craft was showering them with small grenade-like missiles. "The aircraft's shield must be breaking down," I thought.

That's when I noticed the blood-stained laser of the dead giant. "Cap…" I tapped him on the shoulder, "…the laser!"

"Of course!" he declared.

He sat up on one knee. "Okay, Wayne, you stay here for now, Haller and I are going to try our hand at that cannon ourselves, stay covered!"

"Yes Captain."

"Good, on three Haller?"

"Sure Cap…" I hemmed as I recalled the fate of the previous owner of the weapon.

"…three!" he yelled. He darted out into the battle field towards the weapon. I was right behind him looking up at the huge aircraft hovering about a thousand feet over our heads when we reached the weapon. The Captain grabbed it expecting it to weigh a couple hundred pounds. He flipped over onto his back with the laser on top of him.

"Yeoww!" he shouted, "this thing is as light as a feather!" I quickly took it from him and weighed it. He was right.

"Must have something to do with the gravity…" I said as I kicked a hole in the dirt and ash under our feet and placed the rear handle of the weapon inside it aiming upwards.

"Maybe…it shouldn't be so drastic, I think it's made of some kind of plastic!"

I held the bottom, and he grasped the top. We held it as we would a rocket launcher. I then located on the laser the small trigger switch.

"Ready, but shouldn't we first find out who the good guys are?"

The Captain glared at me in disbelief. "What?"

"I mean what if we blow the ship…?"

"Haller! I don't give a damn who the good guys or bad guys are—I just want to save our ass!" He pushed my hand so it would trigger the laser. The noise was earsplitting even thru our helmets. We fought very hard to control the weapon which swayed back and forth into the sky until I groaned aloud, forcing the laser forward, cutting thru the hull of the unexpecting aircraft.

The ship exploded with a loud deafening sound. I let go of the switch and covered my shield as the light from the explosion stung my eyes. I felt the rapping of small debris on my suit and helmet.

Then oblivion.

Continued next issue

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TOM BAKER AS DOCTOR WHO

by James Louis

I've faced a lot of difficult tasks in my life time, but none more difficult than the task of trying to explain to someone who has never had any knowledge of something, what exactly that something is. Now I hope you're not confused. For example, have you ever tried to explain the Rocky Horror Picture Show to someone who has never seen it? It's like telling a four year old child about the "Birds and the Bees." I've run into this situation many times recently. The subject is Doctor Who. Doctor, who? You mean you don't know either?!!! Doctor Who is a BBC television series that first aired in the summer of 1963. It was, and still is, a T.V. show for children. It's now shown in over 50 countries all around the world. The show itself is about a time lord. What's a time lord you ask? A time lord is a Gallifreyan who can travel through time and space. This particular time lord travels in an old, British, blue, police box, which he refers to as a TARDIS (Time And Relative Dimensions In Space), a time machine which is larger on the inside than on the outside. Confusing? So is politics. You're not alone. You have your basic plots, the good guys always win, the bad guys, therefore losing, retreat and come back, of course, on a later program to try again to defeat the Doctor and take over the universe, time, and space. During the course of the program, 22 years running, the Doctor has regenerated five times. Regeneration is a sort of metamorphosis where the Doctor has changed his appearance.

The five actors include William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker, and the more recent one seen here in Chicago, Peter Davidson. Of course, there's a sixth, Colin Baker (no relation to Tom Baker), which dedicated WHO fans can hope to see within a year's time.

The bad guys include: Daleks, Cybermen, giant killer wasps, monsters, evil human-like beings, robots of every kind, and, of course, the one time lord turned bad, the Master, the Doctor's worst enemy.

Tom Baker, as every Doctor Who fan knows well, is the most popular actor who portrayed the Doctor. His ability to communicate with his audience, young as well as old, gives him a unique recognition. He particularly takes a great interest in young children and feels that the children he has met throughout his career as the Doctor has greatly enriched his life.

The actor Tom Baker brought the character of the Doctor into a new light. In fact, you could say he has made an everlasting "cult" figure of himself and the Doctor. With his floppy hat, 13' scarf of multiple colors, strange futuristic gadgetry similar to that of James Bond, and a personality much like

crossing Sherlock Holmes with Harpo Marx, mixing intellect with humor and wit. A joker, in any situation, whose gags get worse as the time to save the universe runs out.

His style of character has helped to get more publicity for the series than any of the other actors who portrayed the time lord. Most importantly the reason for casting him in the show was to help the character of Doctor Who to retain some of the originality and crankiness of the first Doctors. (A sort of eccentric, scatterbrained professor type.)

In his previous acting parts he had played the mad monk called Rasputin in a film "Nicholas and Alexandra," and many theater appearances, including "The Trails of Sancho Panza," in which he played a horse! "Macbeth" in 1973, and "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad" in which he played an evil magician in 1974.

After leaving Doctor Who, many fans still recognize Tom Baker in performances elsewhere. He has been in Peter Coe's play "Feasting with Panthers" in which he plays Oscar Wilde, and on television as (Who else) Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." To prove even more his talent and versatility as an actor how many of you have seen him on a recent episode of "Remington Steele" called "Hounded Steele"?

If you'd like to learn more about the Doctor or more about different memorabilia you can check with your local specialty store or write one of the many fan clubs around the world. I've listed a few below for you.

Doctor Who Fan Club of America
P.O. Box 6024 Cherry Creek Station
Denver, CO 80206 USA

Doctor Who Information Network
P.O. Box 1764
Peterborough, Ontario Canada K9J7X6

NADWAS
North American Doctor Who Appreciation Society
6642 Andasol Avenue
VanNuys, CA 91406

For those of you who'd like to know those milestone episodes with Tom Baker as the Doctor, we've listed them below including writers.

Robot *Terrance Dicks*
The Ark in Space *Robert Holmes*
The Sontaran Experiment *Dave Martin, Bob Baker*
Genesis of The Daleks *Terry Nation*
Revenge of the Cyberman *Gerry Davis*
Terror of the Zygons *Robert Banks Stewart*
Planet of Evil *Louis Marks*
Pyramids of Mars *Robert Holmes, Lewis Greifer*
The Android Invasion *Terry Nation*

continued on next page

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The Brain of Morbuis *Terrance Dicks*
The Seeds of Doom *Robert Banks Stewart*
The Masque of Mandragora *Louis Marks*
The Hand of Fear *Bob Baker, Dave Martin*
The Deadly Assassin *Robert Holmes*
The Face of Evil *Chris Boucher*
The Robots of Death *Chris Boucher*
The Talons of Weng-Chiang *Robert Holmes*
The Horror of Fang Rock *Terrance Dicks*
The Invisible Enemy *Bob Baker, Dave Martin*
Image of the Fendahl *Chris Boucher*
The Sunmakers *Robert Holmes*
Underworld *Bob Baker, Dave Martin*
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The Pirate Planet *Douglas Adams*
The Stones of Blood *David Fisher*
The Androids of Tara *David Fisher*

The Power of Kroll *Robert Holmes*
The Armageddon Factor *Bob Baker, Dave Martin*
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Shada *Douglas Adams*
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Full Circle *Andrew Smith*
State of Decay *Terrance Dicks*
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Logopolis *Christopher H. Bidmead*

I still think a jellybaby is a cross between a jellybean and a gummi bear.

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